

## Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE

LEONTON. : : MISSOURI

### HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

A Variety of Useful Information for the Family Reference Book.

Delicious sandwiches are made of whole wheat bread into which hazelnut meats were stirred before baking. Cut the bread in thin slices and spread with butter and orange marmalade.

There is a sort of revival of the fashion of having the family cipher or monogram on china and glass. Elaborate gold traceries are preferred for china, but the monograms are often done in colors, such as green or blue. These decorations are done to order, and are very durable.

The water in which corned beef is cooked should on no account be thrown away. After the hot corned beef is taken from the table, to be afterwards eaten cold, put it in a stone jar and pour the hot liquor over it. Keep the beef in the liquor until the last of it has been eaten. If hash is made use the liquor to moisten it in the spider.

The pepper sandwich is new, and ought to be a favorite with those who like pungent dainties. Chop a pepper in a saucepan, with a tablespoonful of butter, and allow it to heat without browning. Stir briskly. Add a little salt and take from the fire. When quite cold spread between thin slices of bread, adding a little grated cheese before putting the slices together.

Fresh pineapple juice possesses valuable therapeutic qualities, having the power to digest proteins, and being a healing agent in certain cararrhal affections. Grated pineapple, it is said, may be preserved without cooking, and thus made available at all times. The pineapple should be grated, mixed with sugar, pound for pound, and left in a covered jar over night. The next day place in sterilized jars, the covers and rubbers, of course, also sterilized.

A new vegetable which is beginning to appear on American tables somewhat resembles a Jerusalem artichoke, and is called the Japanese crocne. It did originally come from Japan, but is now cultivated rather extensively in France, from which land of delicate feasting it has reached these shores. Crocnes are described as being about two inches long and less than an inch in diameter, and at the thickest part. They look something like stubby little spinades. Uncooked they are used as garnishes for salads, and with a French dressing as a salad by themselves. In Japan they are pickled. When they become known other uses will doubtless be found for them.

### FRILLS OF FASHION.

Many Small Items of Finery That Are Dear to the Feminine Heart.

A capuchin hood is seen on many of the newest evening wraps. Tiny gold buttons lend a bright touch to afternoon gowns of velvet or cloth.

Clusters of flowers fastening on ribbon bands, or long wreaths and trails of blossoms appear frequently on chiffon and tulle evening frocks.

The vogue for the shaded ostrich feather is on the decline.

Velvet frill decorates a number of the latest creations in millinery. Jeweled fabrics are much favored by Parisian designers for evening gowns.

Pringe and gauzings conspicuous on new models impart a quaint, old-fashioned look.

Gold spangles, braid and passementerie contribute to the adornment of some handsome evening gowns.

Shirtings over the hips are the feature of the newest skirts.

Among the new cravats is a knot of colored ribbon without any ends at all. Colored laces accompany every sort of gown, but they must match to perfection.

Aluminum is the latest medium for toilet sets. Medallions of pearl or porcelain impart a decorative touch.

The newest linen collars are fashioned so as to bow without a bow or tie, a V-shaped piece in front being substituted. The fastening is at the back.

Flounced skirts are in evidence, and as a rule most of the flounces descend in the front and are carried upward toward the waist at the back.

Recently exhibited was a fetching opera cloak composed of deep chenille fringe in white, relieved by an occasional touch of black. The foundation was white silk.

A charming effect in collar embroidery is produced by the use of the new rainbow silk which comes in delicate tones of pink, blue and green.

## New Year's Resolves

Better to Make and Break Them Than Not to Make Them at All

SOME facetious individual has defined New Year's day as "a time when men make good resolutions in the confidence of breaking them as soon as possible." But he has much to learn to his own profit who sneers at good resolutions because some men break them. To resolve to do right does not mean necessarily that one will keep the promise, but such purpose, whether outwardly expressed or inwardly understood, is proof that the individual is conscious of abiding sin of some sort.

It is the self-righteous individual who is in danger. Good resolutions are born of repentance; and repentance when genuine is a cardinal virtue. The self-righteous fellow does not resolve to do better because his vanity tells him there is nothing wrong in his makeup. He may go along committing blunders every day and doing no end of mischief. Such a fellow is beyond redemption. Like Ephraim of old, he is joined to his idols and should be left alone.

Doubtless there are many thoughtful and some sincere good resolves made on New Year's day. Nevertheless it is a good thing that many men do begin the new year with resolves to strive after what is higher and better. It is a marked and glorified improvement upon the custom once so general but now, thank God, obsolete, of men going from house to house paying calls and guzzling wine or stronger drink until before the round was completed they were hopelessly drunken.

It is a great deal better for a man to resolve a hundred times and fail in each resolve than to go along contented with his lot of sin and shame. There is hope for a man just as long as there abides in him desire for what is better. It is well to enter into argument with one's self only after due deliberation, but a broken pledge to do right is far better than no pledge at all.

There is nothing strange in association of good resolves with the dawn of a new year. On the contrary, the occasion is one that suggests just such a general practice. The old year has ended. Its memories suggest "sins committed while conscience slept," practices that degraded the moral man, follies that brought shame and vices that weakened body and brain. But memory is not all. Body and mind tell the sensible man that such practices end in physical wreck and moral decay.

The year is new and clean. The sun, just risen, looks upon it for the first time. Men of business close up their pages for the year ended and begin new and fresh ones for the new year that has dawned. They figure out accurately their losses and their gains in the old year, subtracting one from the other.

As the merchant begins his year anew, why may not the moral nature of a man be renewed if the memories of the past year and the physical shortcomings of the present suggest the need of a striving after what is higher and better?

That the practice has been abused is no argument against its use. That some men have made good resolutions only to break them is not evidence that reform is impossible. Striving after what is right is Godlike. One may raise his standard so high as not to be able to attain it, but there is virtue in every attempt to make better one's life. Indeed one may find at the closing of a long life that he has tried but to fail, and yet his very efforts to do right will be counted to him for righteousness.

The objection is, if it can be called an objection, that men are too much influenced by special occasions for special efforts. There is no more virtue in New Year's Day than there is in All Fool's Day. It would seem foolishness to wait for any such time or season for a starting period in right living. The present is the time for action, and one day is as good as another in the sight of God, as well as of men.

But the man who has put off the day of resolves to be good until the dawn

of the new year will strengthen himself and work righteousness by starting out clean with the year. He will only hurt himself by devoting too much time to resolving. What he most needs is to avoid the pitfalls and snares which formerly overcame him. He has need to change resolves into action. It is his duty to retrospect in order to know himself. Each conquest of self is added strength for future victories.

Happy indeed is that New Year's for the man who, having resolved in its dawn to do right, finds at his gloaming that he has been true to his promises.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Any Man to His Wife.

For this brand-new year, I wish you, my dear, Just the same old love And the same old cheer.

—Detroit Free Press.

### THERE IS HOPE FOR HIM.



Deacon Goodie—Cheer up, my man; you'll be out on the first of the year.

Jail Bird—Yes, but what can I do after being a thief and holdup man?

Deacon Goodie—Oh, you can go into the coal business, or start a plumbing shop.

### She Told Him.

Husband—One of your New Year's resolutions was that you would not quarrel with me for a year.

Wife—Yes.

"Well, you are snapping at me half the time already."

"I should just like to know what's become of your good resolutions."

"You would, eh? Well, I wanted mother to see them, and so I inclosed them in a letter to her, and gave it to you to mail, and she writes me that she never received it. That's what's become of them."—N. Y. Weekly.

### For the Other Fellow.

It is easy to pick out for the purpose of having your neighbor swear off a list of things as long as a sidewalk.—Chicago Daily News.

Last Chance.

The turkey that "reaped Christmas And Thanksgiving laughter, too, Has one more hurdle yet to go— New Year's is almost due.

—Houston Post.

AT 11:59 P. M.



"One kiss," he begged, "before I go."

"Well, take it; but you cannot have another one this year."

And then the clock struck the New Year.

## A New Year Conquest

By CHARLES MORRIS HARGER  
A Story of the Great Southwest

GREAT clouds of yellow dust, a dazzling blue sky, sweeping winds, long reaches of level lands—the midwinter southwest, and on the siding the palatial train of the cattle king who was now off among the ranches looking after sleek and well-bred herds.

The cattle king's daughter, whose prospective wealth entitled her to the rank of princess, sat under the striped awning on the rear platform of the train, gazing wearily at the monotonous landscape.

"How long are we to stay here?" she demanded of the porter who was indifferently trying to keep the leather-covered chairs clean. He did not answer—he did not know. She went back to the parlor of the other private car and ascended the quiet woman who sat by the window sewing. "Auntie, how long is this to last?"

"Until your father gets back or there are orders."

"I'm tired of it—I'm going out of doors."

She seized a jacket and cap, slipped down the side steps and disappeared behind the aquila depot. A dilapidated livery stable stood in the sunshine. "I want a riding horse—quick!"

The man fairly trembled in his anxiety to serve the city girl, and in a moment she was cantering over the sand and sage brush, headed straight for the green hills in the distance.

Away and away she sped, delighting in the free rush of the wind, the swish of her pony's hoofs through the grass and the exhilaration of the open lands. The horse was willing; she was in love with the exercise; mile after mile they went, unconscious of the distance.

At last she turned the horse's head—where was the station? Nothing but a rolling plain, not shining with sunlight, but damped by shadow. With a little cry of terror she sent her mount racing ahead and strained her eyes for the engine smoke on the horizon.

"Ah, there it is—but so far away!" She turned again and hurried at the horse's best speed. She mounted a knoll and saw something that thrilled her very being—the train was in motion, skurrying away to the south, already it seemed to her miles on its way.

She surmised what had happened—her father had reached a station farther down the line and wired for the train to join him, and they had not discovered her absence before starting.

As she looked she saw off to the left another rider—a wide-hatted ranchman—toward him she rode. As she drew nearer her cheeks grew red and her eyes brightened. Once she stopped and turned as if to leave him. Then he came close to her.

"Oh, Mr. Mason, what shall I do?" Frank Mason, the handsome ranch superintendent, scarcely recognized



her, bowing so slightly that it seemed to be merely the motion of his horse. "What is the matter, madam?"

"Don't be mean—the girl's eyes were beseeching."

"But you told me never to speak to you again—only this morning."

"Yes, I know, but you see how it is—the train has gone—it is almost evening and here I am."

"It does look serious, doesn't it? Where do they think you are?"

"They don't think. Auntie's probably gone to sleep and won't wake up until midnight—the others think I'm in my room, in papa's car."

"It is serious—and nobody's at the ranch to take care of you. I suppose they will come back to-morrow anyhow."

"To-morrow!" The girl fairly screamed the word. "We must get them now—to-night, don't you understand—now!"

"But it is 50 miles to the next telegraph station—how can the engineer get orders?"

He looked toward the train, which was disappearing in a cut between some creek bluffs a mile or two below the station.

"You see, it's New Year's day and everybody but the stable boys and station agent has gone to the county seat to a celebration. There's a dance to-night, so they won't be home—yes, it is serious."

Their horses were moving slowly toward the station, yet a long distance away. They were talking earnestly and did not notice the curious movements of a herd of cattle that had strayed from the grasslands toward the station and now, hundreds and hundreds of them, were pushing close to the two figures. The girl's bright jacket and the flashing red of the cap that topped her brown curls may have caused their exceeding interest. When a huge fellow trotted in front of her weary horse, the girl stared about her in alarm.

"Oh, Frank—Mr. Mason—look!" The young ranchman seemed much excited. "Hurry!" he exclaimed, and urged his horse into a run. She cantered by his side, alarmed by the

strange apparition of the herd, which it seemed had risen out of the soil. The ranchman saw something else that the girl did not—a cluster of earth mounds thrown up in the level of the plain, the work of prairie dogs or some other burrowers of the plains. Before he could caution the girl, her horse stumbled, fell, staggered, went tumbling in a heap with a broken leg. Now it was serious. The cattle more curious than ever, scampered faster toward the object of their interest; the fallen horse plunged and snorted; the skirts of its rider held her prisoner.

In an instant Mason was by her side, tugging at the fair burden. When she was free he found her helpless from a strained ankle, and with tenderness he lifted her in his arms and to his own saddle. Then jumping beside her he turned the nervous animal, drew his revolver and shot unerringly the struggling beast on the ground—then, away toward the station resting on the broad and dusty plain.

Arrived there, he lifted her gently to one of the benches which stood in the tiny waiting-room; he transformed it into a settee with blankets from the livery stable; he heard with pleasure her words of satisfaction.

"That pin you wear—where did you



"I'm sorry I was so rude."

get it?" she asked, irrelevantly. "It looks like Harvard."

"It is Harvard—I graduated there."

"And you are herding cattle?"

"I am superintending a ranch—my father owns it—10,000 head."

"And you live?"

"In Chicago—my special train is at St. Louis now with my sister and mother aboard, bound here."

So this was the "cowboy" she had patronized and made fun of as he came to the train day after day to see her father. She had been amused by his assurance and had quarreled with him that very morning. Now she was at his mercy—and she found it rather pleasant.

"This is a strange beginning for the New Year," she broke out. "I wonder when the train will be back."

"I think it is a good beginning—I'm sure I don't know about that train—there is no connection with it yet."

"I'm sorry I was so rude this morning, Mr. Mason."

"Don't worry, Anna—Miss Seamans" He smiled, cautiously, at her.

"It is fine of you to care for me and protect me this way," she went on, "and I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try. This is not the first time I have seen you—I danced with you two years ago at your cousin's ball."

"I do not remember, but you have been very good now. I shall not forget it."

"I know—but don't you think it would be a fine thing to have me take care of you all the time?"

His face was very close to hers and he looked anxiously out of the window down the long stretch of track from which her eyes were turned away.

She gave a pressure of her hand—but no more. Almost at the door was a rumble, a high note "T-o-o-t!" and the striped awning of the rear car came into view a few feet away.

"Quick—love, will you?" His words were eager, and as he lifted her in his arms once more for a journey to the train she whispered: "Yes."

Almost as soon from the opposite direction came Mr. Seamans and his family. He greeted the pair with smiles and laughed at the daughter's injuries when he found they were not serious.

"Stay on with us," he invited Mason. "We'll bring you back before we leave for Chicago."

"How did the train come back so soon?" asked Miss Seamans, rising from her couch. "I thought it was 50 miles to the next station!"

"Wireless telegraphy," suggested Mason.

"Shucks," said the aunt, contemptuously. "The engineer pulled it down to the creek to fill the boilers. We weren't gone half an hour."

The girl looked quickly into the laughing eyes of the young ranchman. "I believe you knew it all the time," she exclaimed.

"I did not tell you differently," he pleaded. "You remember I was under orders."

She was not satisfied. That evening as they sat out under the striped awning on the rear platform and watched the landscape, glistening under the winter moon, as the train sped southward, she continued: "Really, Frank, didn't you bribe the engineer to run behind the hill so it would scare me?"

But he did not answer—nor has he answered yet, though his wife propounds the question every New Year's day.

As usual.

"What do you think of my New Year's resolutions?" asked the chauffeur.

"O, I suppose you'll have your usual luck," replied his wife.

"What's that?"

"Break down before you have gone very far."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Timely Question.

New Year's resolves are wearing. I do not wish to scoff; But shall I swear off swearing, Or swear off swearing off?

—Philadelphia Press.

Objectable.

The man who celebrates Christmas with a public display of vociferous inebriety is none the less objectionable because he is getting ready for a swear-off on New Year's day.—Washington Star.

## THE PANAMA CANAL.

If Approved Millions Will Be Spent In It and Probably No Canal in the End.

Panama has always been redolent of loot. From the time of Morgan the buccaneer to De Lesseppe the isthmus has been the scene of plunder, and the proposed canal is now being used for a like purpose. The great value of a canal to the commerce of the world and especially to the United States is universally admitted, except by the few who would lose by its building. The policy of President Roosevelt in his interpretation of the treaty of 1846 is entirely at variance with several of his predecessors, from Polk to Cleveland, who were firm in the conviction that while treaty guarantees to the United States free transit on the isthmus, it also guarantees the sovereignty of New Granada—now Colombia, of which Panama is a part. From what has transpired we appear to have committed a great wrong in an underhanded way.

The persistent enemies of the isthmian canal, the transcontinental railroads, have apparently accomplished their object and have succeeded in forcing upon the government the adoption of the Panama route, well knowing that if the work shall be commenced no man now living will ever survive long enough to see its completion, even if it should prove practicable, which, in the opinion of the best engineering talent, is doubtful.

The people demand an isthmian canal, the vote in the house in favor of Nicaragua was practically unanimous, but the bill was held up in the senate and the Spooner substitute adopted to placate and deceive the people with the delusion that a canal was to be built, but it was to be one which, if built, would be of no practical use and could never antagonize the railroad interests.

The adoption of the Nicaragua route was made mandatory upon the president in case the treaty with Colombia failed of ratification. It did fail. The president did not act. Why? Was it because of an intuition that something was about to happen and that delay was politic? Something did happen, a revolution was started. Panama made a declaration of independence. The influence and power of the United States prevented Colombia from protecting herself and suppressing the insurrection. The new government was hastily recognized, and every obstacle to the ratification of a treaty, such as the conspirators desired, removed, and now it is currently reported that Senator Morgan, who has for so many years defended the interests of the people, is to be removed and Senator Hanna, the pronounced enemy of those interests, substituted.

Old-fashioned people might regard such acts as piracy, but old-fashioned ideas no longer prevail and now might makes right. There is not a single feature in the Panama route to recommend it to favorable consideration.

The French engineers worked for years at the Culabra cut, and with the best appliances were able to remove but 1,000,000 cubic yards per year. There remain 43,000,000 cubic yards yet to be taken out, and at the same rate of progress this will require 43 years; but the French engineers were naturally stimulated by a desire to make the most rapid progress possible, while their successors will have no such stimulant. The aim will be to delude the public by an appearance of doing something, and they can easily spread the time for the completion of this cut over a century. The next formidable objection is the Bohio dam. The deepest soundings have found no suitable foundation, and it is doubtful if by any known appliances a safe dam can be constructed.

At least nine-tenths of the prospective traffic of the canal will be in the northern hemisphere, and for all such traffic the Panama route will be 400 miles longer than the Nicaragua. The Panama route is in the region of the equatorial calms or doldrums and sailing vessels, if towed through the canal to the Pacific, would often be required to go hundreds of miles out of their course to strike winds to carry them to San Francisco or other northern ports, with a loss of weeks of time.

The Nicaragua route is in the direction of the trade and is favored by the trade winds. The sanitary conditions about the Panama route are notoriously about the worst in the world. The conditions are entirely salutary on the Nicaragua. No good harbors can be constructed on the Panama route, at Nicaragua there are no difficulties on either side. The earthquake scare had no reason for its existence except in the proline imagination of Senator Hanna.

The chances are equal on all routes and no real danger on any. If work should be commenced on the Panama route, and if in years to come the United States should be so fortunate as to have a government of, for and by the people, it will then be found necessary to abandon the Panama canal and all the money expended upon it, and take up the Nicaragua canal and finish it with all possible expedition, as the only means of securing a connection between the two oceans that will be of real value to our country and to the world.

### COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

Senator Hanna's friends at least seem positive that he will not make any of those familiar feints at retiring from politics.—Washington Star.

Perry Heath's friends are wondering what he is going to do without a political future; but it's remarkable how people can do without things when they have got to do without them.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

There are evidences that the republicans in congress intend to have a post office investigation of their own, so as to reduce as much as possible the dividends on the democrats' political capital.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

There are so many complications in the republican politics of New York that it must be difficult for even so observing a person as President Roosevelt to determine who are his real friends and who are not. The animosities in the great commercial and financial center are enduring. If the state should be overwhelmed by the west in the republican national convention, it does not follow that the New Yorkers are going to succumb and be good. They are "business" men, and they have not much fidelity to party when material interests are concerned.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## FLEECE THE PEOPLE.

How the Postal Friends Reach Down into the Pockets of the Voters.

The investigation of those two eminent lawyers, Holmes Conrad and Charles J. Bonaparte, of the postal scandals, expose more rottenness and involve many much higher in authority than the legal proceedings indicate. In their report they denounce Perry Heath, the secretary of the republican national committee, in immeasurable terms, and say that Charles Emory Smith, ex-postmaster general; Robert Tracewell, comptroller of the treasury; Henry A. Castle, auditor for the post office department, and the late and present postmasters of Washington, D. C., all appear to have shared in the responsibility for the acts of the minor officials that have been indicted. They also say that the "Tulach charges" have never been properly investigated. The far-reaching grab game of the minor officials has been described by the Kansas City Journal in a way that will bring the matter home to the voters.

"Whenever within the last ten years anyone in America mailed a letter, the chances were that he deposited it in a letter box which was bought by graft, painted by graft and attached to the lamp post by graft. He found what time the letter would be collected by reading a time card put on the letter box by graft. The mailcarrier who took up the letter, if he lived in the east, perhaps paid a bribe to get his job or to get an increase of salary. The postman placed the letter in a pouch suspended from a shoulder strap, both of which were sold to the government by fraud, and carried it to the post office, where, perhaps, some favored or mulcted clerk canceled the stamp with ink and a machine fraudulently foisted upon the post department. The letter was then bundled up with other mail and tied together with a piece of twine or leather thong which the government was swindled in to buying, and thereupon thrown into a railroad mail bag; and this bag, its fastener, its locks, its keys, became public property by three distinct and separate grafts. Finally, the laden bag was sent off to the train according to the time told out by a peculiar clock, during every tick of which Uncle Sam was being outrageously robbed and swindled."

It might be added that the greatest graft has not been included, the railroads every time a wheel goes round charge Uncle Sam more than twice as much for carrying a pound of mail as they charge the express companies. The postal cars, even while standing still, are bringing rent to the railway corporations equal each year to double what they cost to buy from the car manufacturers.

Yet the voters in many states seem to approve this sort of looting, and go on electing representatives of the party whose morality has departed and whose slogan is "stand pat."

### OUR PERPLEXED PRESIDENT.

Seems to Avoid a Discussion of Tariff Revision, the Question at Issue.

The message and official documents put before congress by the president and his cabinet are suggestive for what they do not contain.

Thus, when the tariff is being discussed everywhere, and when it is expected to be the question at issue between the two great parties next year, we should naturally expect to find some recommendation on this important subject in the president's recent message. It contains not a word to guide us; it does not even mention the word "tariff." Why? Has the president no opinions or ideas on this question, or is he afraid to talk on it? Is he undecided in his mind, and is he hesitating to jump either towards protection or free trade?

A year and a half ago he was talking tariff revision and a tariff commission. Last spring he left off talking on both of these subjects, and was reported to have joined the "stand-patters" after a conference at the white house with representatives of the Protective Tariff league, just before he started on his western trip. Is he silent because the protected interests told him then that if he continued to talk tariff revision they would defeat him for the nomination next year, as was reported?

Back in the eighties, Mr. Roosevelt was a member of the Cobden club, of England, and of the Free Trade league of New York city. It was said that in some of his speeches he expressed a willingness to die for free trade. Is he silent because his free trade ideas are returning to haunt him and make him undecided? Is it not clear to him that, with the great protected trusts of to-day preying upon us, protection is now far more of a curse than it was 15 or 20 years ago? Is the great steel trust making itself so obnoxious that he is silently considering a special message advising the removal of all tariff duties that protect it? This would be grand. We could forgive the apparent oversight in his message if he is saving up a big blow for this hated robber trust. We could not forgive him if the omission was due to overwork with his white house incubator of South American republics. We care but little for "abroad," but we are much concerned about the steel trust right here at home. We want to see its plundering career stopped. Free trade in steel will do the business. Why, Mr. President, don't you talk tariff revision again?

BYRON W. HOLT.

Wicked Private Secretaries.

The newest thing in politics at the capital shows that private secretaries are among the most important functionaries in our system of government. This is brought out by the explanation of those "unfortunate" appearances of congressmen's names in the Bristol report in connection with negotiations between postal department grafters and crooked contractors. The way these innocent congressmen got mixed up in it was all the fault of their unscrupulous private secretaries. The private secretaries had been trusted to go about the department to say what their superiors wanted, and they abused this trust by forwarding the postal jobs, some confiding congressmen gave their private secretaries stamp facsimiles of their signatures, which shows how it was possible for those signatures to get at the bottom of letters showing a peculiar interest in this sort of jobbing contract.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.



### The New Year's Greeting.

Bring from the islands that lie afar In the tropical waters clear, A crown for the glad New Year, Pluck for the brow of the Nation's guest The bloom of the snow of the snow, Where the orange blossoms bloom, And the water runs To the sea of sun.

With a song devoid of war, Bear from the Northland's boughs of pine, From the crest of the loftiest peak, Where the snows lie in the sunlight shine, A wreath, but the bravest yet, Pluck for the brow of the Nation's guest, The bloom of the snow of the snow, Where the orange blossoms bloom, And the water runs To the sea of sun.

For the New Year's crown, Pluck for the brow of the Nation's guest, The bloom of the snow of the snow, Where the orange blossoms bloom, And the water runs To the sea of sun.

Over the pathway of the stars He comes to abide a year, His smiles of snow now and then, He brings us never a tear, Back to the wild hills in the sky, And their music and love, For the old, Old Year, just passing by, The New Year waits to rise, By the spirit's gate.

With his sandals in the snow, Obelisk, ring out for the welcome guest On land and over the sea, And North and South and East and West, He comes with smiles and a song of mirth, And his is a feast of cheer, Let every nation hail the joy, Of the welcome, glad New Year.

Let us arise To the winter's side, And all the long ring ring, T. C. HARRIS.

### Obeying the Law.

"Why did you let him get away from you?" thundered the chief.

"He—er—took a mean advantage of me," replied the green detective. "He ran across the grass in the park and—"

"Well?"

"Well, there was a sign there 'Keep off the grass.'"—Philadelphia Press.